

# THE HOME JOURNAL.

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## The Home Journal.

BY W. J. SLATTER.  
"Pledged to no party's arbitrary sway,  
We follow Truth wherever she leads the way."

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Postmasters throughout the country will do us a favor, as well as be doing their duty, to inform us when a subscriber refuses his paper, or when the paper lies dead at their office.

There is a rumor on the wing that the Editor of the Pulaski Citizen is going to marry! O what a heart rending storm upon the young ladies.—They have all lost a bargain but one, yet we say girls, rejoice; for you will be conquerors in the end. We are truly sorry for the innocent girl, for Editors are serpents full of poison and should be shunned by young ladies as they would shun a "hornets' nest."—*Lewisburg Messenger.*

We are authorized by Mr. McCord, the editor of the Citizen to correct that report. He says the young lady "kicked him." As to the remarks of the Messenger, we don't coincide with them at all. Editors are worthy of good wives and young ladies would do well to cultivate their acquaintance.

The Huntsville Independent nominates Hon. F. K. Zolicofer for the Presidency. That is an Independent nomination, sure.

### JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO JOHN.

John Anderson, my Jo John,  
I well remember yet  
That time we sang long ago,  
That day when first we met;  
It was a bonnie day, John,  
Within the month of June,  
When lambskins were a' playing,  
Along the banks o' Doon.  
Since then we've seen a few, John,  
O' earthly joys and downs,  
And had nae scanty view, John,  
O' fortune's smiles and frowns;  
But when misfortune came, John,  
Each bore a part you know,  
And thus we made the load mair light,  
John Anderson, my Jo.  
And now that we have grown, John,  
Nae rich but well to do,  
Nae king upon his throne, John,  
More blest than I and you;  
For we have gear enough, John,  
To last us till we go,  
To where there are nae rich nor poor,  
John Anderson, my Jo.  
John Anderson, my Jo John,  
When in that home on high,  
We meet to part nae mair, John,  
Nae mair again to die,  
What pleasure will it gie, John,  
Still hand in hand to go,  
Tho' a' the flow'ry walks above,  
John Anderson, my Jo.

BETTING ON ELECTIONS.—One of the most evil practices connected with our State and Municipal elections, is the abominable system of betting on the result, or upon a stated majority of a favorite in an election. We should rejoice to see this practice entirely suppressed, and as we have been informed there are many, who are not acquainted with the laws of the State on the subject we extract the following sections from the revised Code in relation to it.

Article IV, Section 479.—Whoever shall make any bet or wager of money, or other valuable thing, upon any election, is guilty of a misdemeanor, and may be prosecuted within six months after the termination of the election on which the bet was made, but not afterwards.

Section 480.—Any person convicted of betting on any election in this State, shall be fined not less than one hundred nor more than five hundred dollars, and may also be imprisoned in the county jail, not less than one or more than six months.

Thus it will be seen that the minimum fine for the offence is \$100, and maximum fine \$500, with the possibility of six months imprisonment, and the certainty of one month in the county jail. With these little facts before them we trust that zealous politicians will take warning in future. We have accomplished our part of the duty in making the matter public, and if the laws are properly enforced, our Governmental elections, will be something above a miserable game for betting purposes.—*Nashville Banner.*

Those who wish to get rich, must spend less than they earn.

## A Splendid Story.

### THE BETTER CHOICE.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

Once upon a time there were two young men, brothers, sons of "genteel" parents in moderate circumstances.—They were handsome, well educated young men; and for each of them the heart of many a fair maiden beat fondly.

The training of these brothers had been such as taught them great regard for the wishes of their parents—it was a very great misfortune that parents whose influence was so great had not always exercised it to better purpose.

Now each of these young men, one of whom was called Leo, and the other Cassius, loved, better than all others, one young maiden. Neither of these favored girls was very beautiful, and neither was rich; one of them, the beloved of Cassius, was very poor; but she was sensible, intelligent and refined; and to Cassius she was the most lovely being on earth.

Leo also loved his chosen lady as much as he loved anything in the world but himself. He was the most ardent and endearing of lovers when he was with the light-eyed Mercy—so she was called—and she loved him as a deep-hearted woman seldom loves but once. In her eyes he was the most beautiful, graceful and agreeable being that was ever made. She had no heart, no thoughts for any other—he was literally, as far as earthly things were concerned, her all in all. Her mother used sometimes to warn Mercy that it is never safe or well to love so utterly any mortal creature; she told her child again and again that God alone was worthy of any being's whole heart; but Mercy could not recall her affections; she could not stem their flow. When she tried to reason with herself, in her mother's way, if Leo crossed her sight it was all over. Towards him with relentless force swept every feeling and emotion of her nature. Poor Mercy! she was, it is to be feared, an idolater—and the punishment of such is indeed sore.

The brothers were free from that foolish and cowardly impulse—that affects so many persons—to deny that they love, and to shun all mention of the object of that love, as if there was guilt and shame in the thought. They took great pleasure in talking together of Mercy and Anna. Each brother was pleased with the choice of the other; which rendered things doubly agreeable. Next to seeing and conversing face to face with a friend, comes the pleasure of talking of that friend to some one who values him. Who to that poor heart, which, loving unto the uttermost, must yet exert itself, even unto bursting, to cover and to guard from every eye what still is struggling to break forth; what rolls and towers like the restless sea, straining at every pore, and always mourning—wo, wo, to that poor heart!

But there were two beautiful young heires, who loved these brothers; and when this fact came to the knowledge of the parents of our heroes, they called their sons to them, and gave them an earnest charge to win those loving heires for their wives. The advantages for young men just starting in life, of wealth and elevated position were fully set forth. The ladies in question were of a proud family, in the very topmost rank of American society, connected in various ways with the talent of the country and with the leading men of the government. The pride and ambition of the young men were ardently touched, and upon their imaginations arose visions of palace-homes, hosts of servants, senatorial honors, and even they caught a glimpse of the President's chair making as though it were sliding toward them with intentions of going under them. Their heads whirled, and the thought of their humble and confiding little cottage friends "went under," as a plank will go when struck by the keel of a steamer.

The influence of this parental harangue was visibly felt by both brothers. They did not visit Mercy or Anna that evening, nor did they mention their names one to the other. They lay silently upon their pillows, the sweet old dreams of love and faith put to flight by the gaudy flutterings of ambition, and the "greed of gain."

It chanced that upon the next day these brothers were out on the lake fishing. There was with them a widower; a free-spoken, jolly-hearted sort of fellow; and he seemed very much inclined to interest himself in the affairs of Leo and Cassius. He had heard of their partiality to Mer-

cy and Anna, and most heartily did he congratulate the young men upon their good sense and good fortune in having become engaged to such admirable girls.

"I am engaged to no girl," said Leo, reddening very much.

"How!" exclaimed Mr. Andross, in astonishment. "Not engaged to Mercy Kent?"

"No."  
"Well, then, you certainly ought to be—a man that can be engaged to her and is not a fool; and one that allows her to put vain confidence in him is a villain; that's all I've got to say," blurted out Andross, mystified and offended at the tone and manner of Leo.

"I should think you had said about enough," said Leo, frowning darkly. His fair, handsome face, deformed by an evil, revengeful look.

"Here, here, none of that, if you please, gentlemen—we are out on a pleasure party, and don't want any hard words, or black looks; if Leo can't exactly make up his mind among so many pretty girls, who can blame him. I say a fellow that's so high in female favor—with the rich ones—too, can't be expected to know his own mind in a minute. Here, lend a hand to haul in this fish. I vow, I believe I've caught a whale!" exclaimed a lively member of the party.

The line was hauled in, and the creature on the end of it proved to be not a whale, but a horrid-looking great water snake; and the first thing he did on being pulled aboard was to flit his evil-looking carcass almost into the face of the disgusted Leo.

"It's the devil himself, and he's after you!" shouted Andross, as the young men made haste to cast out their unwelcome prize. "Now, youngsters, one and all, I've got a word to say to you, and I am going to say it—you can like it or not like it, just as it suits you—but I've been through the mill, and have earned a right to say that I know what I'm talking about, and I tell you that a young man, I care not who he is, had better go to the poor-house than to marry a girl who is richer than he is. He'll be made miserable just as sure as he is a living man; and if he marries her because she's rich, rather than because he loves her, he deserves all the trouble he will have. I am going to marry again as soon as I can get any one that I like, and she will have me; and there is one thing that I'm very sure of, I shall take for my second wife a poor girl."

"Well done, old fellow—it's to be hoped that you'll stick to your text, for your purse is long enough for two, and there are plenty of poor girls about. The work-house is full of them," said the gentleman who had defended Leo.

Andross vouchsafed no answer for this.

"I suppose you'll want a girl pretty enough to make up for lack of the cash," said another.

"I would not care how handsome my wife was if she wasn't vain; but vanity I despise; and the moment I see in a girl her claim for me is gone. I find that as a general thing plain women are most and longest lovable. You'll notice, if you'll take the trouble to observe, that it is to plain wives that husbands are most devoted. Beautiful wives strike the attention and fancy of dashing and gay men; and so make what are called smart marriages. They are rightly called, for they smart for a long, long time. As soon as you are used to beauty, it is no more to you than plainness; and if that was all that drew you, the bond is broken, and you are attracted by some new face; but when a man marries a plain woman it is generally from affection, and that grows forever stronger, both through the present life and that which is to come."

"Sentimental! do stop him—who would have thought it? Why, Andross, where did you get such notions! I should think you was a boarding school miss instead of a widower of forty six years old."

"I have been taught truth in a hard school, boys; and that is why I now speak. But I dare say you will all refuse to take warning—'tis the way of mankind. Go ahead, then, each in your own way; and when you have arrived at my time of life you will have seen whether or not my words are of true wisdom."

This conversation was not merely accidental. The men said what they chose to say; but there was more to it than that—they were doing and saying freely what had beforehand been determined should be done and said; and the words of Andross saved Cassius from guilt and wretchedness. The struggle of ambition was over in his

mind; and fair as a star rose anew in his heart the image of his Anna. The danger that had threatened her peace had forever passed. There had never been any formal engagement between them; but that night the glad and happy Anna named the day on which she would become her lover's wife; Cassius told his brother of this when they met that night.

"Well, Anna is a good girl; you will be happy with her; but for my part I have determined to take the heires!"

"And Mercy?" questioned Cassius, looking steadily at his brother.

"She has no claim on me; there is no engagement to be broken."

"Broken hearts are, to my mind, worse than broken engagements. Leo beware what you do!"

"If a girl is silly enough to break her word for me how can I help it?" said Leo, sulkily.

"You couldn't help doing everything in your power to gain that heart could you, Leo? Your love was so evident that it needed no words to show it—Mercy never thought of distrusting you; or asking vows any more than you did of distrusting her, or binding her by promises; and now when every feeling and action has bound you in all honor to her, just because no vow was ever spoken, you say 'she has no claim' on you, and you leave her for one whom you do not, and probably never will love. How dreadfully mean and wicked such conduct is! Thank God, thank God, that I am saved from it!"

"You'd better be praying for grace to obey the wishes of your parents," retorted Leo.

"There is a higher duty than that which we owe to them. To that duty I shall endeavor to be true."

"Leo, dear Leo, why do you shun me so? For a whole week, which has seemed a year, have I watched and waited for you to come. For three long years—all the blessed time that we have known each other—there has not been so long a time in which we have not met. I saw you yesterday in the street; and was going towards you when suddenly you hastened away. You must have seen me. Oh! Leo, what have I done? how have I offended you? Tell me, dear Leo—tell me all the truth. Anything is better than this dreadful suspense, and these wild conjectures. I have heard—oh! Leo! I cannot write it—Leo, Leo, you will kill me if you forsake me now.—Did I seek your company or your love? Remember, remember all that is passed, and you cannot charge me with presumption or immodesty when I tell you plainly that your love is all my life—my love was not given lightly, nor unsought, despite it not now. Or if you have ceased to love me, come to me once more. Come and tell me so with your own lips—such words from you I think would kill me as quick as any sword, and then the agony would be over, and I could go to the cold rest of the grave. Come to me that this misery may be removed, or that every hope and joy of my life may be at once struck down to death, and not be left to die the lingering and most dreadful of all deaths—that of slow torture. Leo, I charge you, as you hope for mercy when your time of trouble comes, to come to me and tell what it is that has changed you so."

This was the letter that was placed in Leo's hands upon the evening of his acceptance as the lover of the wealthy (\$100,000) Miss Thorndyke. He had come home in high glee, and told to his parents and brother all his good fortune.

When they were alone Cassius put into the laughing Leo's hands that letter.

One look at the handwriting, and he thrust it deep into his pocket and went out.

Shutting himself into an unfrequented room he tore open and read the message from poor Mercy.

There was a look of pain about his mouth; and the great sweat-drops stood upon his brow, as he read.—When he had finished he gave a deep groan and glanced, with a dreary, helpless look about the room. He would have given much could he have seen Mercy there—but the die was cast.—The loving, faithful girl was sacrificed. In a few moments Leo crumpled the letter in his hands; and while a hard and settled look came over his face, he wrote with a pencil.

"DEAR MERCY:—I am sorry to have caused you pain or trouble—I have always meant to have been your true friend—I am such still; but you must not expect to be more than this.—Such letters as the one just received from you you must not write to me—I am soon to become the husband of Miss Thorndyke; for this reason I have withdrawn myself from your society, which always has been, and would still be, most agreeable to me; and for the same reason I do not think it best to comply with your desire that I should call on you. Wishing you all the happiness which you so richly deserve, I sign myself,

With the truest and most unbounded respect,  
Leo De Wolf.

It is a remarkable circumstance that in almost every case where a man treats a woman with less respect than he ought to show to a fool, he goes to swearing by black, by blue, by yellow and grey, that he is, and always has been, perfectly overcome by the unutterable respect which he feels for her—in fact, that he wades through it, as if it were a river, rising even to the roots of his hair. Bahl! more sickening even than their *venalness* is the hypocrisy of some men, and so shall low! If one is bound to play the hypocrite why not do it with at least a show of skill?

When Mercy read that letter she neither faint nor cried out; she did not even sob or sigh. But she laid aside her work, and leaning forward with her head against the table, remained motionless so long that her mother thought her sleeping—she, therefore, moved softly about the room, taking care not to disturb her darling, until she began to wonder at her strange breathing.

"She can't feel easy, poor girl—how tired she must have become doing that great ironing—I wish I could move her into an easier position," and the kind mother went and took hold of her child, for the purpose of trying to render her more comfortable.

"Don't mother," said a feeble and hollow sounding voice.

"What ails you, child?" and the terrified woman lifted her daughter's face and looked upon it.

It looked sunken and blue; the lips were colorless and the eye had that dull and filmy look that comes not often over the human eye until it comes as the herald of death.

"You are sick; you are dying, my child," cried the mother; "what has befallen you?"

"Here," and the unhappy girl placed that letter in her mother's hand.

The indignation of the fond mother was extreme—she even cursed the wicked author of her child's misery—yet tried, in the same breath, to speak somewhat of comfort to that child.

"Don't mother," was all that Mercy said, either when she talked to her, or when she embraced and wept over her.

For weeks the poor girl continued in this state, and the heart of the mother was nearly broken. She was a very proud woman, and tried her best to keep their trouble from the knowledge of the neighbors. The night of Leo's marriage came, and when the false bride stood pledging his vows to the rich lady, there glided by his side a figure robed in white, and covered from head to foot in a flowing white veil. The strange guest wore on her head a wreath of white roses, and held a bunch of the same in her hand.—Her face was as white as her dress, and her eyes shone like stars.

"Leo, Leo, you did not tell me what time to come, but I am here—all ready. I could not find any orange blossoms; but don't you think these white roses will do as well? Come, dear Leo, I am ready—why don't the minister begin?"

Then followed a scene of confusion and distress, and Mercy was borne shrieking and raving to her home.

### CHAPTER SECOND.

Once again, in painful circumstances, Mercy and Leo met. The latter alone by the grave of his only child, when, as the twilight grew dimmer, he heard a sad but very sweet voice singing—

"I thought he loved me, and my heart was yielded up to his control;  
In every wish and every thought  
He reigned the idol of my soul.  
But oh! his heart was hard and cold;  
He felt no pity for my pain;  
He sold his love and faith for gold,  
And my poor heart must break in vain."

Then came sighs and piteous sobbings. The sound proceeded from a thicket grove near at hand.

"Mercy," said Leo, approaching with cautious step, "Mercy, dear Mercy." The sobs were hushed, and there was a sudden rustling sound.

"Don't go, Mercy; it is I—wait—speak to me."

"Oh! Leo, is it my Leo? where have you been so long? I thought you had forsaken me!" cried Mercy, running joyfully from the deep shadow of the grove. He stretched out his arms, and she clung to him as in the olden time. "Oh! Leo, they have had me shut up in such a dreadful place—it seems to me that it has been for a hundred years. Why didn't you come and get me out? I have screamed and screamed for you till I wonder that I did not die. It was very cruel of you not to come. I was afraid that you had forgotten your poor Mercy."

Leo clasped the poor mania closer to his breast, and wept over her bitter tears than he had over the dead body of his only son.

"What makes you cry, Leo? The trouble is all over now. I couldn't cry while with you, no, in your arms I can hardly think how it was that I ever cried at all; but I know it was because I was parted from you. I'm so glad I broke that window down; they had taken the bars down on purpose, I guess, and I got thro' and have found you. Oh! take me with you, dear Leo; don't let them get me again."—She clung about his neck with the utmost fondness, returning freely all his kisses and expressions of love. She had forgotten utterly that he was not still her own.

"What are you doing with that mad woman?" said a rough voice close by the side of the unobserving pair.

Mercy screamed fearfully. "Save me, Leo—don't let him take me away from you; for pity, oh, for pity. Do not give me up!"

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Leo.

"Who are you, more like out here in the graveyard, making love to a mad woman?"

"My name is DeWolf; now will you have the goodness to answer me civilly?" said Leo, with dignity.

"Excuse me, sir; I did not know you."

The man's whole demeanor was instantly changed, and why? Oh! because Mr. DeWolf was a very rich man—or his wife was, which the fellow supposed (radical error) was all the same.

"I am one of the keepers of the insane asylum where that person has for several years been confined. She has to day been breaking out, and a pretty hunt I've had after her. I suppose you won't interfere with my duty, sir?"

"No, but you can go your way, now. I'll see that all is right, and we shall have less disturbance."

The man went away.

"What did you say to him? I could not hear, you spoke so low," asked Mercy.

"Oh, I told him that he needn't put himself to any more trouble about you, for that I would take care of you."

"Good Leo—dear, blessed Leo—how kind you are; but did you hear him call me mad woman? That is just the way they talk to me all the time, and Leo, it sometimes makes me afraid that I am mad, or shall soon become so."

"Oh! hush, dear Mercy; do not talk in that sad way. Listen to me, now. I am not prepared to take you home with me to-night. It would not do, and I want you to be a good girl, and be ruled by me, as you know you always love to be, don't you, Mercy? and the traitor kissed her."

"Yes indeed, Leo, I love to obey your every wish. I wish that I could find such real delight in obeying all the will of my God."

Ineffable was the love that beamed from those beautiful upturned eyes into the eyes of Leo.

A wrench of agony at the strong man's heartstrings told him how he yearned for what he had willfully cast aside; he felt confident in his own mind that were he free to take Mercy home with him, the insanity which had made her his victim could soon be charmed away; but although he had brought this wo upon the gentle being who was now so happily nestling to his bosom, and whom alone he loved, he was not to be permitted to minister to her cure.

There was desperation in the thought, but it must be struggled with and over come. After a few moments' painful silence, Leo said, while he softly passed his hand over the white face and clear eyes of her he held—  
"I knew you loved to please me, my sweet Mercy, and now I will tell you what I want you to do. Go back with me to the place from which you escaped in such an undignified manner, and remain there for a few days, until I can come and take you openly and honorably. Be a good, patient girl, and wait happily for my return. I will come to you at the very first moment that I can do so, and take you to be always with me. Will you do as I desire?"

"Yes—why should I not?" said the mania, in a willing, contented tone.

And after another half hour's talk, and a hundred fond kisses and embraces, Leo prevailed upon himself to part with her, and left her with the matron of the asylum. This meeting, though it worked as much for a curse as for a blessing to Leo, was an unmingled blessing to the mania. For a year she waited patiently and happily her lover's return, and at the end of that time she began to mend so rapidly that her mother was permitted to take her to her own home. It was now not long ere the entire restoration of her reason. To the joy of her mother, and to the unspeakable de-

light of another person, she seemed now to have no regret at all for the loss of De Wolf. She spoke of him calmly; and once, when she heard a person say that he was killing himself by almost frantic efforts to render himself able to support his proud wife in the style to which she was accustomed, without touching her property in so doing, Mercy smiled pleasantly, though compassionately, and said—  
"Poor Leo! I am afraid he is not much happier than the poor cottage girl could have made him."

After this Mercy was considered to have fully recovered from her first and most unhappy love. And now it was that Mr. Andross, kindest-hearted of human beings, began to think that he might tell to Mercy the hopes and wishes that he so long had cherished. From her very babyhood he had been interested in her welfare. During the lifetime of his first wife she used often to be at his house, and her sprightly ways and always pleasant face won greatly upon his regard. He repeatedly informed his wife that he considered Mercy the finest girl in the place, and that the men who got her for a wife would get a woman who was worth her weight in gold, whose price was "above rubies." When he found that there was an attachment springing up between Mercy and Leo, he felt great satisfaction, for he was particularly attached to both "the De Wolf boys." His astonishment, indignation and grief at the conduct of Leo, and the consequent insanity of poor Mercy, were beyond all telling. He it was who defrayed all the expenses of Mercy's stay in the asylum. Her mother objected in vain; Andross insisted that his religion obliged him to be kind to the widow and the fatherless, and have his own way he would. The best room and the best attention that the asylum afforded were accordingly provided for the hapless sufferer. And Andross met with his reward, for Mercy fully recovered, and when she learned of all his watchful and long continued kindness to her, and found that she had not only the kind sympathy and pity of that warm and noble heart, but its most ardent love, she was penetrated with gratitude and joy, and leaning her head upon the broad breast to which Andross gently drew her, she lifted her streaming eyes to his face, saying:

"I will be yours, and love you faithfully as long as the Lord shall give me life."

Meantime Cassius had long been the happy husband of Anna. Together they were working their way upward in life. Anna was skillful in all the departments of housewifery, and as prudent as she was skillful. Yet she was not mean. Never was set a better table than that to which, three times a day, Anna's husband was called, and good and well prepared food (the truth must be confessed) has a good deal to do with the temper, and also with the affection, of most men. A man can't love his wife if he feels hungry, and she don't get him something good to eat. The fortunes of Cassius and his Anna were steadily, though not very rapidly improving, and unto their family were added in course of time, two sons and three daughters. They had their griefs and troubles, but were as happy as it is well for people to be in this world. But with Leo, how different the case. His wife was a born and bred lady, with a fortune in her own right. It was not to be expected that she would trouble herself much about household affairs. She always intended to keep good servants—a good cook especially—and as a general thing she did so; but good cooks are woefully apt to "inhibit," and good chambermaids are seldom able or willing to take cook's place, so that it is not unfrequently happened, notwithstanding their wealth, that Leo went hungry, or had to wander off, through the hot noon, to some eating saloon for his dinner. But then, to a good-fellow like Leo, that wasn't so bad after all.

But Leo was proud and in some directions, sensitive. He couldn't bear to have his wife feel as if he was dependent on her. She was a lady, and she never mentioned the fortune to which she had raised him; but there was a frequent look in her acute blue eyes which told him that she thought of it. The fact was, she had her suspicions that Leo had married her more for money than for love. She had heard him, when tossing restlessly in his sleep, mutter a name—she could not tell what it was, but it certainly was not hers, and after this there was a singularity in her manner toward him which he attributed to her want of respect for a poor, dependent husband.

CONCLUSION OF FOURTH PAGE.